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**Labern, John**

**Labern's popular  
comic song book**

**London**

**[18--]**

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LABERN'S

POPULAR

COMIC

SONG BOOK.

PRICE SIXPENCE.



TABLET

FOR THE

SOME BOOKS







THE ITINERANTS.

LABERN'S  
POPULAR  
COMIC SONG BOOK.

A Collection of Originals,

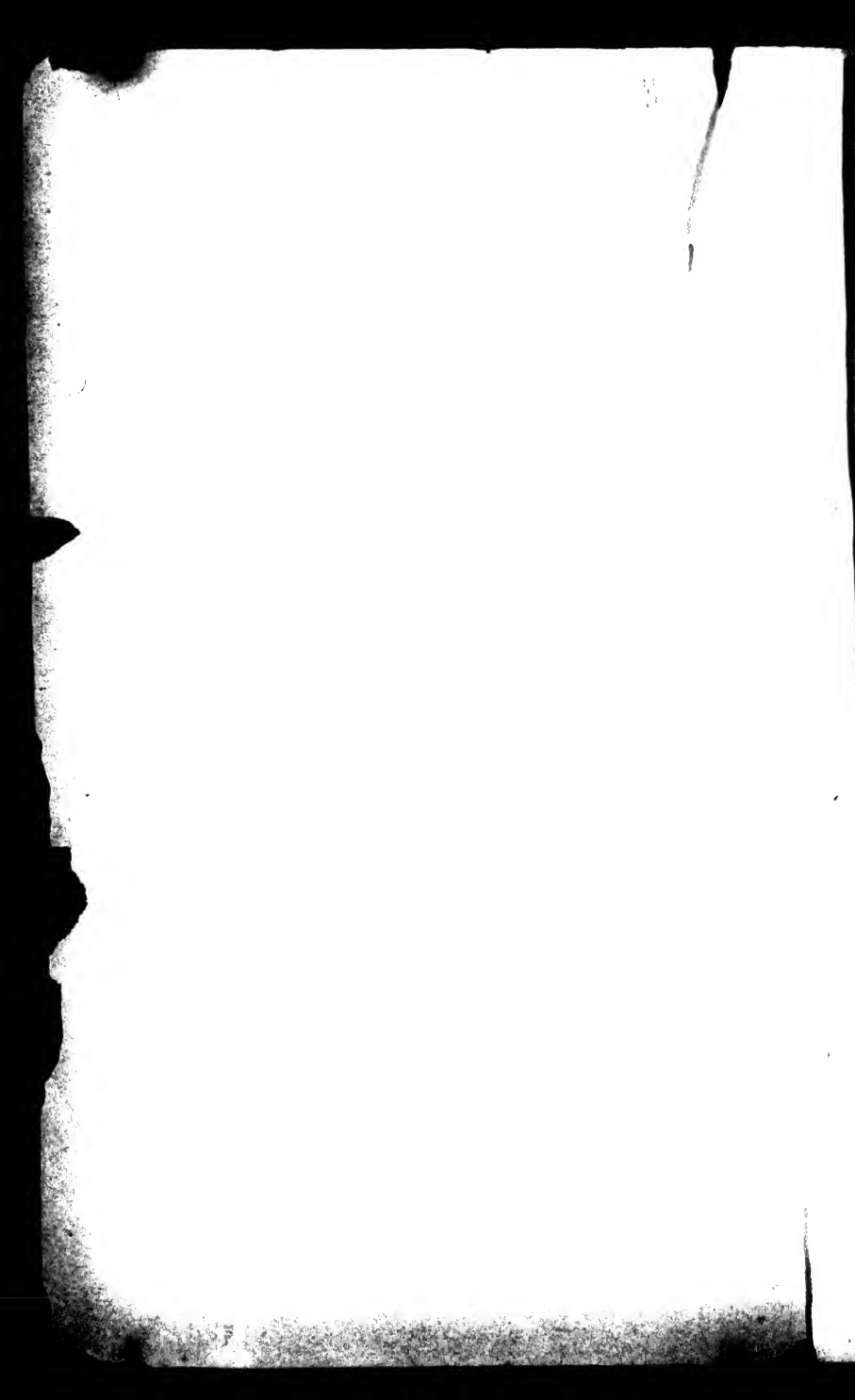
AS SUNG WITH APPLAUSE AT THE  
LONDON CONCERTS.

WRITTEN BY  
JOHN LABERN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH  
A COLOURED FRONTISPIECE OF "THE ITINERANTS."

LONDON:  
PUBLISHED BY JOHN DUNCOMBE & Co.,  
17, HOLBORN HILL.

(*Price Sixpence.*)



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## CONTENTS.

	Page
A Difficult Master to please .....	32
Advertisements Extraordinary .....	30
All the World is going ahead .....	53
Do leave us a Lock of your Hair.....	37
I don't like to see .....	69
Jack Ketch .....	21
Jenny Lind .....	17
Let us speak of a Man as we find him.. ..	23
Miseries of Human Life .....	28
Mr. and Mrs. Stitch'em .....	47
Newspaper Correspondents .....	43
Nigger Mania .....	26
Our National Defences .....	50
Patentmania .....	58
Receipts for a Cold .....	65
Snapping Turtle Doves.....	34
The Cattle Show .....	56
The Cadgers' Ball .....	73
The Electric Light .....	71
The Itinerants .....	9
The Learned Dustman .....	67
There's a Good Time coming, Boys.....	60

# IRREGULAR PAGINATION

iv

## CONTENTS.

	Page
The Vicissitudes of Life .....	19
Walk along, John .....	45
Yankeecania .....	40
You don't know what you can do, till you try .....	14



## THE ITINERANTS !

OR, DRUMMER BOB AND DANCING SAL !

Sung by Mr. Percy and Miss Toplis.

## CHAUNT.

Bob.—Come along, there, Sal—I never seed sich a gal—as you is to lag—here, ve arn't tuk a mag—all this blessed day—Devil's in the folks, I say—they're poverty-struck, I think !

Enter SAL.

Sal.—Lor, Bob, what's the matter ?—vot a chap you is to patter — d'ye think I arn't fly—Vhy, I've had my eye—on the vinders all round—from the sky to the ground—but they don't seem to have any chink.

## DIALOGUE.

Bob.—Chink ? Vhy, it stri es me, the coves at the Mint is a lon'em gone to sleep, most de-cid-id-ly !

Sal.—Vell, do you know I think they is, Bob. Vhy the crowsns used to power down on us like a shower of rain.

Bob.—Yes, and now it doesn't even so much as *mizzle* on us—though, in the true sinse of the word, it has *mizzled* us most hass-su red-ly.

Sal.—I thinks as how it's all howing to them ere *furrin invaders* vot comes over here like mackerel, in reglar gluts ! They bones the tin, vwhile native talent—that s us—gets tossed on the rocks of bad luck.

Bob.—That's true : and I means to say it's a burning shame, that a cove vwith a lot of hair stuck under his nose—vot they calls *musty-shoes*—and a name as long as the Duk York's statty, and vun that vould crack a feller's jaw to jestice to it, should be patronized by the *harystockry* Vhy, I'd have 'em all scraped to death vwith oyster shells, sent home to astonish the *natives* abroad, most poz-itiv

## CHORUS.

Tune—Literary Dustman.

Both. Support a lady and her pal—  
She's not no common mummer—

Drop a mag to Dancing Sal,  
And Stunning Bob, the Drummer.

Tune—Kitty Jones.

Sal.—Talk about your *Up-roar* gals, I'd beat 'em all  
by pegs,

'Cos all the talent they possess is just to show  
their legs.

Bob.—Talk of Taggylyony, vhy she's nuthink else but  
trash—

Sal.—And as to Fanny Hellsler, vhy I'd beat her all to  
smash.

Bob.—On these here fust-rate hinstruments I m secon !  
best to none—

I can play Splitini's Hovertures in style upon  
the drum.

Sal.—The double shuffle with Duwerny not a bit I'd  
dread—

Bob.—I'll bet a pot she isn't game to stand upon her  
head !

#### DIALOGUE.

Sal.—No, but I is, though that is, on pertickilar occa-  
sions. Then I can come out, and no gammon !

Bob.—Yes, and you'd queer some of the Mad-dames and  
Mounseers at throwing flipflaps, ven you've got on your  
*drawers*.

Sal.—Vell, you needn't expose me. Don't yer see how I  
blushes ?

Bob.—Yes, like a bason of milk and vater, without the  
sugar.

Sal.—Vell, but I say, wouldn't it put the kybosh on that  
Madame Cherrytoes, as she calls herself, to get over the  
straight fives, eh, Robert ?

Bob.—Now that's vhat I calls legytimate dancing. Vhy,  
Sal, if you vos to twist your name into Mad-dame Wiggle-  
waggle, or Signnorer Funnyshake, you'd be a hout-an'-houter  
and no flies !

Sal.—That ere's too furrin to my feelings. I arn't  
hashamed of my name, though my dad did go through the  
tight rope performance at eight o'clock vun morning before  
a crowded hawdience.

Bob.--Vhy your parent vos most as re-spect-able as mine, for my mamma--Heaven rest her white silk stockings!--borrowed a gold watch from a room where she went to look for lodgings, and forgot to re-turn the same, con-se-quent ly my maternal parent vos hob-li-gated to seek some distant clime, vvhich she vos anything but *transported* vith. Keep your heye on glaze, Sal--

Support, &c.

Tune--Twopenny Postman.

Sal.--I can dance the Catchokor vith here and there vun--

Bob.--Yes, and I can play 'Petticoats Loose' on the drum--

Sal.--I can dance a Velsh Hornpipe, and Gallop like fun :

Bob.--I can play 'Alice Gray' on a scraper.

Sal.--I can dance Parrs-de-ducks--

Bob.-- I can hoprer's compose--

Sal.--I can stand for three hours on the tip of my toes :

Bob.--I can play the 'Rogue's March' on the end of my nose--

Sal.--Yes, and I can come Dusty Bob's caper.

DIALOGUE.

Bob --I say, Sal, d'ye twig a kuppel of skulls peeping over that there white dimity kurtin, at the snob's hopposite?

Sal.--Vhat, vith delicate tallow faces, and their hairs curled like a bundle of vood ?

Bob.--In course I does : so doff your horsecloth, and lay down the Kidderminster, while I inchants their ravishing ears vith Rose-eny's Overture to Fried Devil O!

Sal.--No, no; guv em your hairs out of the Load of Whiskers. Show 'em vhat you can do.

Bob.--Vell, you guv us a Irish Velsh Scotch French Italian Great Bohemian Spanish German Sviss Dutch Fiemish British jig, seperately, all at vunce together !

Sal --Vhy I suppose you means the Dance of all Nations, Bob?

Bob.--Vell, arn't that all nations vot I sed? Come, set your teetotums a spinning, and tie up Mrs. Taglyony's stockings most de-cid-id-ly.

Sal.--Von t l, vuss luck ! I'll show 'em vot native talent is in the ruff. None of your Mounseer Parrot's gammon !

Bob.--Vait a minute. Vot key does yer sing yer dance in ? Let's get the drum up to Konsert pitch.

Sal.--Vhy, Q sharp, you flat ! How green you is. Now then ! [*Music. Sal dances. Bob assists with the drum—introducing the following snatches between at intervals*]

Bob.—Now, gemmen, hincourage a British lady, a self taught hartist, of Miss Turpentine's skool Him as chucks in the greatest quantity of half crowns, shall be kon-sid-ered the most perfect gemman present.

Stand back, you undelicate kids, wot's got your linen hanging out at your finale ! Make shift to see behind. I dare say you've seen us afore. You're yuu of our reglar customers, vot never pays !

Ladies and gemmen, have the kindness to fling the silver as much this vay as possible, for fear the half crowns might strike the lady !

Look at the simmitry of the lady's limbs ! Vhy they're vurth all the money to look at ! She's a de-cid-ed Wenus of Medicines ! That there dress vos bought at a werry tremendous hexpense. It vunce belonged to Mary, Queen of Scotch, vhen she vent to Bill Snooks's Fancy Dress Ball, on the Dials, about two hundred years back. I can just recollect it, and that's all !

[*The Dance ends.*]

Bob.—Vell, Sal, how does yer feel arter that ?

Sal.—Oh, slap up ! Ve'll be on to 'em agin for a hextra tanner !

Bob.—And then ve'll cut down the back streets !

Support, &c.

Tune—Jim Crow.

- Bob.      Ve carn't abear hingratitude,  
             If you'll fork out sixpence more,  
 Sal.      Ve'll show you sich a caper,  
             As you never seed afore.  
 Bob.      There is a low-life set about,  
             Vot comes the shabby trick---  
 Sal.      Cos vhen they've collared all the tin  
             They amputates their stick.  
 Both.     Then shell out your rhino,  
             And don't be slow,

And we'll hintroduce a stunning dance  
Afore we go.

[*A short Jig.*]

DIALOGUE.

Bob.—Ah, ve doesn't do bis'ness in that vay! Ve niver hasshoshitates vith sich low karracters. Sal and I can show the light of our *countinhouses* a second time in th'same street. That's more nor some on 'em can say!

Sal.—In course ve can! I say, Bob, shall I give 'em the Newgate Chain, vot her Majesty hintroduced at her Ball Mask?

Bob.—Ah, talking of that ere Ball Mask, vot a set of gills they made theirselves. I vonder all the furrin coves vot they represented didn't rise out of their graves and give 'em a good malletting! Why they only vent to show their precious stones!

Sal.—That's all! Talk about dancing! Why I'd learn old Joe Muggins's donkey to do the First Set in a week, as vell as any on 'em. Them hanimals have got a precious sight more sense in 'em than vun half the nobility.

Bob.—Yes, though they is called hasses, they arn't the biggest in this vurd!

Sal.—As sich is the case, I hopes as how you'll all——  
Support, &c

Tune—*Sich a gitting up stairs.*

Bob.—Ve teaches dancing ev'ry night,  
To sich as in it takes delight,

Sal.—Boys and gals of ev'ry age  
Ve makes haccomplish'd for the Stage  
And there is—

*Sich a cutting up stairs,  
And dancing to the fiddle,  
Sich a cutting, &c*

Bob.—On Monday nights, to crown it all,  
Sal always guves her Fancy-Ball—

Sal.—And to keep it select, ve hallows no svipes  
Nor folks vithout shoes, nor ladies vith pipes!  
*Sich a cutting, &c.*

Bob.—So if you vish to cut a show,  
Upon the light fantastic toe—

Sal.—You'll find us in Earl-street, Sivin Dials,  
At the top of the house where they deals in vials  
Sich a cutting, &c.

## DIALOGUE.

Bob.—And so as all you lovers of Turpsentine can take  
your choice of Dances, Sal and I vill, jist for a vind up, read  
over the last new and popular Quod-reels and Hardgallops  
of my own composing.

Sal.—Vell, the first is 'Cuckolds all of a row'—

Bob.—'The Old Woman's Delight'—

Sal.—'Lumps of Pudding'—

Bob.—'The Ladies' Convenience'—

Sal.—'Mother Brownrigg's Jig'—

Bob.—'Polly Carter's New Fashion Vay'—

Sal.—'Rub her down vith straw, Bobby'—

Bob.—'Under and over'—

Sal.—'The Lady's Misfortune'—

Bob.—'The Cuckoo's Nest'—

Sal.—'Come to my arms, love'—

Bob.—'If one von't, another vill'—

Sal.—And many others, too numerous to mention—  
trusting ve shall meet vith your hincouragement as werry  
bountifully on all hoccasions like the present.

Bob.—Yes, and hoping ve shall have the pleasure of your  
company at our next *Sore-eye*—

Sal.—*Swarry*, you fool!

Bob.—Vell, *Swarry*—it's all vun--ve'll show you vot ve  
can do in the Turpsentine hart!

Then support, &c.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO TILL  
YOU TRY.

[Music sold by Duncombe and Moon, 17, Holborn, opposite  
Furnival's Inn.]

S I've been a gay youth in my time,  
But thanks to my parents for that,  
Whom *they* were I cannot define.  
It's a doubtful affair, and that's flat.

I was won at a *raffle*, no doubt,  
So am nobody's child, by the bye—  
So I said to myself, look about—  
You don't know what you can do till you try.  
Grim poverty's clutches ne'er dread,  
Be resolute—never say die—  
Keep continually going a-head—  
You don't know what you can do till you try.

A ragged young scamp 'bout the street  
I was—till one day in her arms,  
A lady took me, dress'd so neat,  
And greatly admiring my charms,  
Said, *she'd* be my mamma, if I'd quick  
Go with her, and live upon pie—  
Oh, won't I, says I, like a brick !  
You don't know what you can do till you try.  
Grim poverty's, &c.

So she took home her *ready made* child,  
And made me a smart looking lad,  
So by me "dear mamma" she was styled,  
For she was the *first I had had*.  
Of a morning 'fore she was awake,  
When sixpennoth of ha'pence high,  
Her hard cash I swopp'd for *hardbake*—  
You don't know what you can do till you try.  
Grim poverty's, &c.

One day I caught hold of a gun,  
And off to the garden I sat,  
Determined on having some fun,  
If it was but a pop at a cat.  
Tried to hit a game cock in the head,  
That stood on a greenhouse close by,  
Shot my newly found mother instead—  
You don't know what you can do till you try.  
Grim poverty's, &c.

The loss of my parent I grieved,  
 Till I found she had left me some cash,  
 So as soon as the tin I received,  
 I believe I came out a bit, splash!  
 With the girls I had many a freak,  
 For I'd grown big enough, by the bye—  
 Spent four hundred pounds in a week—  
 You don't know what you can do till you try.  
Grim poverty's, &c.

I lost nothing by cutting a shine,  
 For one evening I was at a ball—  
 Introduced to an heiress divine,  
 Was accepted—my face did it all.  
 We were married instanter, egad,  
 I sowed my wild oats instantly,  
 And reap'd a nice fortune, my lad—  
 You don't know what you can do till you try.  
Grim poverty's, &c.

We'd married been nearly three years,  
 And no pledges of love had *appear'd*,  
 My spousey was nearly in tears—  
 We're to have none; says she, I'm *afeeard*.  
 Friends joked us in innocent mirth,  
 Don't be in a hurry, says I—  
 The next year she'd three at a birth—  
 You don't know what you can do till you try.  
Grim poverty's, &c.

Of sorrows—(now mark what I say)—  
 No matter how deeply you sup—  
 The pleasures you'll taste of some day,  
 Let your motto be "Never give up!"  
 Through working the oracle well,  
 From the *low* lands I've jump'd to the *high*—  
 may you—persevere—who can tell?  
 You don't know what you can do till you try.  
Grim poverty's, &c.



## JENNY LIND!

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

[Music sold by Duncombe and Moon, 17, Holborn, opposite  
Furnival's Inn.]

Oh, what a precious uproar,  
In the Opera world there be,  
About this charming nightingale,  
Just come from Germany.  
So, as novelty you're fond of,  
Although I'm short of wind—  
To the tune of Lucy Long,  
I'll sing of famous Jenny Lind.  
So take your time, Miss Jenny—  
Oh, take your time, Miss Lind :  
You've only got to raise your voice,  
John Bull will raise the wind.

Oh, Jenny she's a wonder,  
Everywhere she goes—  
She's got a voice enchanting,  
And a Swedish turn-up nose :  
She's pleasing, meek, and modest,  
With melting eyes of blue—  
And a voice of melting sweetness,  
To melt Bull's rhino, too !  
So, take your time, &c.

The poet Bunn, of Drury,  
The moment he got wind,  
Away he flew to Sweden,  
To cage sweet Jenny Lind.  
Like little boys catch sparrows,  
Bunn thought he couldn't fail,  
So he took a bag of golden salt,  
To sprinkle on her tail.  
So take your time, &c.

After Jenny signed the paper,  
 She repented what she'd done,  
 And said I must have been a cake,  
 To be tempted by *A. Bunn*.  
 The English tongue she must decline—  
 It was such awkward stuff—  
 And we find amongst our darling dames,  
 That one tongue's quite enough.  
 So take your, time, &c.

Says Alfred, "In the public's eye  
 My name you shan't degrade,  
 For birds that can and won't sing,  
 Why; in course, they must be made."  
 This put Miss Jenny's pipe out—  
 Says Bunn, your tricks I see—  
 Although you are a nightingale,  
 You shan't play *larks* with me."  
 So take your time, &c.

The poet said he'd seek the law—  
 No chance away he'd throw.  
 Says Jenny, "If you think I'll come,  
 You'll find it is no go!"  
 When a bird-catcher, named Lumey,  
 Of independence big,  
 Pounced down upon the nightingale,  
 And with her hopp'd the twig.  
 So take your time, &c.

"When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,  
 I think it's time," says B.  
 "In such a moment I but ask  
 That you'll remember me.  
 So I'll even take the trifle,  
 Miss Jenny, at a push—  
 I now see that one bird in hand  
 Is worth two in a bush" So take your, &c.

So Jenny's gone, and left us,  
 Yet she often says in fau,  
 Although he tried the pleasant,  
 He s a nasty hot cross *Bunn*.  
 'Tis very certain Jenny  
 Has golden favours earned,  
 And though a nightingale she came,  
 A goldfinch she returned.  
 For with her nightingalish warblings  
 She made a tidy splash—  
 She came from Stockholm,  
 And a stock home ta'en she has of cash.  
 So take your time, &c.

---

## THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

Tune—John White.

Tribonius Titus is my name—  
 An orphan sad am I—  
 And often do I think I came  
 From a clever fam-i-ly.  
 To my *fore-fathers* mother said  
 A disgrace I should become—  
 Said I, "If you've been honest, ma,  
 I've never had but *one*." Tol lol, &c.

My dad was near when I was born,  
 Though he's far off now, I vow—  
 For, since my parent's dead and gone,  
 He's not *ap-parent* now.  
 "Provide against a rainy day,"  
 He'd say, "my boy,"—intent,  
 I did—but then it *rained* last week,  
 And *every farthing went* Tol lol, &c.

I manage matters plaguy well,  
 Whene'er about I roam—

I take no money out with me,  
 And none I leave at home.  
 Some folks say "a contented mind's  
 A continual *feast*"—no matter—  
 I've been contented very oft—  
 But never got *no fatter*. Tol lol, &c.

If in the Commons you've a voice,  
 I wish you would beseech 'em  
 To lower provisions—they're so *high*,  
 I'm flogged if I can *reach 'em!*  
 The disease in vegetation  
 Seems to me all *garden stuff*—  
 A *vast tater* we should hail with glee,  
 For we've had 'em *small enough*. Tol lol, &c.

When my tailor builds me a suit of clothes,  
 My economy is vast—  
 I order coat and waistcoat first,  
 So he makes my trousers *last*.  
 I get my port wine cheap—and why?  
 It never costs me pelf—  
 I choose it thick, then set it by—  
*It settles for itself*. Tol lol, &c.

The ingratitude of this base world  
 Completely does unnerve me—  
 The bailiff seems the only man  
 That has a wish to *serve me*.  
 The world is now a game of chess,  
 To me both night and morn—  
 My chance to win each hour gets less—  
 I must help it with a *pawn*. Tol lol, &c.

My landlord says he'll *raise his rent*,  
 He's so hard up for pelf—  
 I thanked him for his kind intent,  
 For I can't do so myself.

And yet, upon the other hand,  
 When I view my person calm,  
 I often find I'm carrying  
 The rent *beneath my arm.*

Tol lol, &c.

Though Nature did me much bequeath  
 Time's very rude and free,  
 For, once I used to cut my teeth,  
 But now my teeth *cuts me.*  
 I'm plainer than I was, no doubt—  
 Dear ladies, spare my blushes!  
 But, you know, faces will *wear out,*  
 The same as scrubbing brushes.

Tol lol, &c.

I've had my eye upon a lass,  
 Whose heart I hope to win—  
 I've got a tidy share of *brass,*  
 And she's got mines of *tin.*  
 If she refuses—silly elf!—  
 (I mean to be perempt),  
 I'll positively drown myself,  
 Or *perish in the attempt!*

Tol lol, &c.

### JACK KETCH

A *Catching Song*, adapted to a very *Catching Air*, and  
 Dedicated to the *Catch Club.*

As famed as agitating Dan  
 Was famous Mister Ketch—  
 Nor was he such a wretched man,  
 Though often called a *wretch.*  
 Though his a dark profession was,  
 He seldom sported *black—*  
 Folks never called him John, because  
 They always called him Jack,

Tol lol, &c.

His character I'll give you brief—

'Twas said he tried to bone

A tempting side of Christmas beef,

He sighed to make his own.

And sooner than he'd cross the main,

He singled out a plan,

And very willingly became

A truly (*h*)alter'd man.

Tol lol, &c.

His first appearance on the stage

Was in a *trage-die*,

For tragedies were then the rage,

And there his fame rank'd *high*.

His *debut* went off with *ac-cord*,

Though he with groans was greeted,

And shortly after on the *board*,

The same part he *repeated*.

Tol lol, &c.

He gained improvement day by day—

Was ready at a call—

No matter who fell in his way,

He fairly *capp'd* them all.

The swell mob, when they caught him out,

Used, in their native brogue,

To halloo after him, and shout,

"There goes a *gallows* rogue!"

Tol lol, &c.

And when they could not get a sign

From Jack of any hope,

They used to get him in a *line*,

To give them lots of *rope*.

Jack never did detain or stop

His customers a minute—

He never offer'd them a *drop*,

But what they *kick d* agin it.

Tol lol, &c.

Though Jack paid great respect to all,

You'll guess he liked his *guest*—

Much better, whether great or small,  
 When they came up *full dressed*.  
 His perquisites had once been good,  
 But Jack complained, and said—  
 “How **very** dead the living was  
 Of living on the dead!” Tol lol, &c.

Says Jack, “the people by me stir  
 As if I was a *Burke*,  
 And give me a light character  
 For doing *heavy* work.  
 I’ll prove we’re hangmen all—by Jove!—  
 The difference seems funny—  
 You hang round the neck for love,  
 And I hang round for money, Tol lol, &c.

“I’ve lost through that bill called ‘Reform,’  
 Those genteel gents that forges—  
 My trade has to Old Harry gone,  
 Since the death of both the Georges.  
 Such times as them was never seen  
 Until King Bill ascended—  
 Suspension work since then has been  
 Entirely *suspended*. Tol lol, &c.

“But Bill, you know, has gone to pot,  
 And now—’twixt you and me—  
 A royal mistress I have got,  
 Who’s master over me.  
 If she don’t patronize me more—  
 Don’t call me stupid elf—  
 To keep my hands in practice,  
 I’ll go and hang *myself*. Tol lol, &c.

LET US SPEAK OF A MAN AS WE FIND HIM.

Tune—Barclay and Perkins’s Drayman.

A friend of mine, one Monsieur Jacques—  
 His motto in every place, sirs,

Was to speak of a man *before his back*,  
 As he would *behind his face*, sirs.  
 That's just my disposition, too,  
 And I'd every man remind him,  
 To act like a trump (as I always do),  
 And speak of a man as he'd find him.  
     So whether you deal with friend or foe,  
     Be the same before as behind him—  
     As onward through the world we go,  
     Let us speak of a man as we find him.

The son of a friend of mine was sent  
 To gaol, for some theft or other,  
 So to speak for his *honesty* off I went,  
 Because I was fond of his mother.  
 Dress'd up like some old methodist priest,  
 The judge, I contrived to blind him,  
 And saved him from having a twelvemonth at least—  
 Let us speak of a man as we find him.  
                                     So, whether, &c.

I'd a lodger who came home drunk each night,  
 So I said, if he'd leave I'd fain, sirs,  
 Give him a reference, right and tight,  
 He agreed—so the lady came, sirs.  
 He's the quietest lodger I ever knew,  
 Said I, as I fondly entwined him—  
 She of course took him in, and was *taken in*, too—  
 Let us speak of a man as we find him.  
                                     So, whether, &c.

With a neighbour I deal, one Peter Quail,  
 A tripe and trotter seller—  
 Though he sticks fat underneath his scale,  
 He's a devilish *honest feller*.  
 A good word for every one's he's got—  
 I'll say it before and behind him—



Though he told my old lady of wives *I'd a lot—*  
 Let us speak of a man as we find him.

So whether, &c.

My uncle Bill—and I mean to say  
 He's a sober man, most tru-ly—  
 He drinks but a gallon of gin a day,  
 For he took the pledge last July.  
 At home he leads a charming life,  
 But say what you will, if you mind him,  
 He's a kind feeling man, though he *wallops his wife*,  
 Let us speak of a man as we find him.

So, whether, &c.

In my house lodged an upright pal—  
 His name was Timothy Tooley —  
 He courted my cousin, a nice young gal,  
 His intentions were honourable truly,  
 He borrowed some money she'd saved for years,  
 Then bolted—but left behind him  
 Two pledges of love—sich ducks of dears !—  
 Let us speak of a man as we find him.

So, whether, &c.

An old friend, in adversity,  
 Lately gave my heart such a melter—  
 A moral man I knew him to be,  
 And gladly gave him a shelter.  
 Delighted to serve my friend—odds life !  
 The best bed in the house I assigned him—  
 So the kind creature he ran away with my wife—  
 Let us speak of a man as we find him.  
 So, whether you deal with friend or foe.  
 Be the same before as behind him—  
 As onward through the world we go,  
 Let us speak of a man as we find him.

## NIGGERMANIA !

Tune—Bob and Joan.

A general *mourning*, sure,  
 In London surely rages—  
 It seems as though we were  
 Going back to the *Dark Ages*.  
 Of niggers such a glut  
 The town just now is filling,  
 Like mackerel—at the rate  
 Of eight or ten a shilling.

Tum tum, &amp;c.

From Ethiop.'s shores, as thick  
 As pupils are of Hullab's,  
 They're rushing over, slick,  
 All warranted "*fast colours*."  
 If they keep on flocking here,  
 To tell each nigger story—  
 Ethiopia's king, I fear,  
 Will be left alone in his glory !

Everything's *done brown*,  
 As far as art of man goes—  
 Nothing now goes down  
 But blackeys, bones, and banjos,  
 On boards, as well as stones,  
 To some tune they've been kicking—  
 You must allow, off *bones*  
 They've had a precious *picking* !

John Ball is in a state  
 Of nigger effervescence—  
 The atmosphere, of late,  
 Seems *darkened* by their presence.  
 It wouldn't me surprise—  
 While they the town keep packing—

If there's a fearful rise  
In black-lead, bones, and blacking !  
They drive great " Punch " insane,  
He says " They're quite a tax, now,  
And wants a shower of rain  
To wash away the blacks, now."  
From Ethi-o-pia  
They've just as much been stepping,  
As Bath buns comes from Bath,  
Or sausages from Epping.

In coming-out well *tann'd*,  
The *fair* sex are not stingy—  
For now a female band  
Have come out rather *dingy*.  
Some say they're brown, or nigh,  
While yellow some affirm them—  
Don't think me rude, if I  
Dark *Ducks of Diamonds* term them.

Yamba shakes her *bones*—  
Rosa's blackbird-throated—  
While Dinah, each one owns,  
Is Orpheus petticoated.  
The " Swedish Nightingale "  
Your favour did so win it,  
That Yarico we'll hail  
As the famous *dusky linnet*.

John Bull will find, some day,  
The " darkey " such a sucker,  
He'll wish him " out o' the way,"  
Like Mister Daniel Tucker.  
Not so these ladies bright,  
Though to hint it some are *civil*—  
" Dey lub darkness more den light,  
Bekase um deeds are ebil."

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## MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Tune—Molly Coddle, O!

Was ever mortal so waylaid?  
 Oh, listen to my pedigree—  
 Misfortune—(good for nothing jade)—  
 Just like a blister sticks to me  
 The patience of twelve Jobs I need,  
 With annoyances my hours are rife,  
 You'll own I've my full share indeed,  
 Of th' miseries of human life.  
 Worried every way I go,  
 Full of trouble rife with strife—  
 Be grateful you who little know  
 The miseries of human life.

Sometimes, while shaving, very staid,  
 The servant suddenly bobs in—  
 Affrighted by the careless jade,  
 I take a slice bang off my chin.  
 I'm sure to run against a sweep  
 If dress'd in white ducks—(filthy dirt!)  
 Into clean linen never leap,  
 But I find a button off my shirt.  
 Worried every, &c.

If a flower-pot, from attic high,  
 Down happens to be blown, d'ye see,  
 Though numbers may be passing, I  
 The *receiver general's* sure to be.  
 In winter, when it slippery gets,  
 Though I pick my way, and take my time—  
 I'm sure to turn more somersets  
 Than a clown does in a pantomime.  
 Worried every, &c.

Oft going out quite spick and spry,  
 To dinner with a friend, oh, lud!

A bus or carriage dashes by,  
 And plasters all my clothes with mud—  
 Or a gust of wind blows off my hat,  
 And keeps me half an hour at bay—  
 And when I pounce upon it, pat,  
 It's only fit to throw away.

Worried every, &c.

If I get insulted in the street,  
 No matter if I murder shout,  
 I may as well attempt to *eat*  
*Myself* as find a Peeler out.  
 Sometimes a dandy passes by,  
 With long cane swinging carelessly,  
 Who very near pokes out my eye,  
 Then cries, "Now, stupid, can't you see?"  
 Worried every, &c.

With hurdy-gurdys, boys and men  
 My very brain they grind each day—  
 I'm almost ruined, giving them  
 Sixpences to move away.  
 The tootheache plagues me half the night—  
 Upon my chest the nightmare squats—  
 The cramp drops in at morning light,  
 And ties my legs in double knots.  
 Worried every, &c.

Miss-fortune has been kind—(not Dame)—  
 To me this vale of sorrows through—  
 I'm told *by accident* I came  
 Into this world—I think it's true.  
 Of accidents you'll own my life  
 Is one sad chapter—that it be—  
 I'll pluck up courage—take a wife,  
*To go halves in my misery!*  
 Worried every, &c.

## ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY

Chaunt—Who would leave this happy land,

*Gent. [Rushing in.]*

How provoking, to be sure! I thought I was too late :  
I'd given up the *down* train—now I've an hour to  
wait.

That puzzling Time Table got me in a *line*—  
It's now only eight, and the train don't start till nine.  
I had a race with time, that fierce despoiler—  
I ran so fast, I nearly burst my boiler.

What have we here?—(*sees paper.*)—something to  
kill the vapours—

The advertisement part of one of the morning papers.

CHORUS.

Tune—Sich a gitting up stairs.

What very droll things in the columns of a paper,  
You every day, by accident, may see.

A queer advertisement this—' Two Sisters want Wash-  
ing—

There's plenty of *brothers* the same state, by gosh, in :  
' Wigs made far superior to the natural hair'—

' To be sold cheap, a *mahogany's child's* chair'—

' A good *fit* warranted, by Moses and Son'—

Fits are *bad* things—Moses won't catch me, for one—

' An *iron cook's* boiler,' I see here for sale—

She'd make a good ' Iron Duchess,' or a stoker on the  
rail.

What very, &c.

' Wanted a Coachman—very honest, sober, and kind,  
To drive a pair of horses of a pious turn of mind.'

A furrier puts a startling advertisement in—

' He'd be happy to make muffs and boas of ladies' *own*  
*skin* !'

Funerals *performed*'—what a *dramatic sound* !

May none e'er long be acted in this or any town,

'Lyceum Theatre'—here's horrors to sup!—

'Vestris in two pieces,' and Mathews 'Used up!'

What very, &c.

'One hundred guinnas reward to pick Chubb's Locks,'  
Enticement to thieves to be sent to the strong box!

'Strange accident to Her Majesty's Sixty-second Foot'  
Why that's more than I've got, and sixty to boot.

'Fogg invites the public to see his *Invisible* wire  
fences'—

It must be a *blind*, or Fogg's not in his senses.

'For sale—a *rosewood young lady's* Canterbury'—

She'd look nicely French polish'd, I think—very!

What very, &c.

'Wanted a wet nurse'—a *wet 'un*, mark that—

Plenty of gin in the house must be kept, that's flat—

'For sale—a strong *oaken laundress's* clothes horse'—

There's *stuff enough in her to make another*, of  
course.

'An *interesting* case of murder'—'tis headed here—

To the reader it may be—not to the victim, I fear.

'Gutta Percha boots' stare me in every quarter—

You can *perch* in the *gutter* with 'em, and they won't  
let in water.

What very, &c.

'Every man his own Lawyer'—that won't do—no,

The place would be too hot for us all below.

'Music easily acquired'—says one, among many—

I think so, when you can buy a Jew's harp for a  
penny.

*Ivory ladies'* workboxes for sale, very cheap—

They'd make capital wives—they'd cost nothing to  
keep.

'Idrotobolic hats, with a valve in the crown'—

To keep your brains cool, and your temper down.

What very, &c.

'Parties visiting Gravesend'—so 'tis said—

'Can have tea *made with shrimps*, at ninepence a-head'

'Ladies wishing for cheap shoes—Messrs. Waxend and Strong

Advise them to call soon, as they'll not *last long* !

Hallo—'A great show of calves'—well, I never !

My cld woman shan't show her's there, howsum-dever.

Deuce take the paper—(*Throws it down.*)—the train's gone off without me !

I've paid my fare—I must wait till to-morrow—for devil a screw have I got about me !

What very, &c.

### A DIFFICULT MASTER TO PLEASE.

Tune—How happy could I be with either.

Oh, I've got a rum sittivation,

So everybody agrees—

I try, but can't give approbation—

I've sich a queer measter to please.

He's a farmer, and lives out by Ongar,

And I be his sarvant, odds bobs—

But dang'd if I stay wi' him longer,

He sets me to sich funny jobs.

Oh, I've got a rum sittivation—

So everybody agrees—

I try, but can't give approbation,

I've such a queer measter to please.

T'other day, in a nation great hurry,

To his doctor he bundled me straight

To say he wur woefully *sorry*

He hadn't *required him o'late* !

He got planting, in spite o' our laughter,

A lot o' pigs' trotters, ifeggs—



Then sent me th' next mornin' arter,  
To see if they'd *grown into legs* !

Oh, I'ze got, &c.

He sartinly mu t have a tile off—

I mean, rather cracked in the head—

T'other Sunday I wished him ten mile off—

When I axed for my dinner, he said,

“ I had better—(but lor, 't isn't natur)—

Into mutton chops cut a Bath brick,

And toast 'em atop of the crater—

I could borrow a fork of Old Nick !

Oh, I'ze got, &c,

To please him I try, but I rue it—

I never come nigh sich a feller—

He wants me—but, lor, I can't do it—

To *pump daylight* in a dark cellar.

I'ze sartin sure he's not a gay light—

His brains they be having a lark—

Through him I should like to knock daylight,

For I'm blowed if he bean't in th' dark.

Oh, I'ze got, &c.

In summer his senses like fun shine—

Wide open his barn door he throws,

To lay in a good *stock of sunshine*,

Against Winter pops in his nose.

He's getting quite wicked and imp'us—

T'other day he bawl'd out before crowds—

“ Here, Tummas, just run to Olympus,

And fetch us a *cart load of clouds* !”

Oh, I'ze got, &c.

In his larder, the stupid old glutton

Keeps plenty of bacon and junk,

But never one morsel o'mutton—

He swears that it makes people *drunk* !

He yesterday—cranky as ever—  
 To Billingsgate made me abscond  
 For some *red herrings*—(lawk did you ever?)—  
 For the purpose of *stocking his pond*!  
 Oh I'ze got, &c.

His crankyness really gets badder—  
 I must cut his company soon—  
 He just made me get up a ladder,  
 With blacking, to *whitewash the moon*!  
 I attempted it, arter a fashion,  
 But failed, as I reckoned I should,  
 So he flew in a nation great passion,  
 And swore he'd get some *one what cou'd*!  
 Oh, I'ze got, &c.

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## SNAPPING TURTLE DOVES.

## A DUETT.

Chaunt—Happy land.

He. Do, madam, let your tongue for once be still—  
 She. If this is married life, I've had my fill.  
 He. For better or for worse, 'tis true, I took you,  
 But ten times *worse than that* I now must book  
 you.  
 She. Worse, you mean, that I became your wife—  
 They well may call it a *high-mienial* life.  
 He. I could have *eat you* once, for love, you knew  
 it—  
 I've been sorry ever since *I didn't do it*!

## CHORUS.

Tune—Yaller Busha Belle,

[*Both together.*]

He. Go away, you torment, and don't you come anigh  
 me!  
 Even peace and quietness at home you deny me.

She. Get away, you monster, and don't you come  
anigh me !

To your whims and fancies you're not the man to  
tie me.

He. I keep an excellent table, if you con it.

She. You do : but very little put upon it.

He. Little and good, ma'am, like myself. (I never  
brags !)

But it wakes me *raw*, to see the viands done to  
rags.

She. Yes, done to *rags*, indeed, you may say that :

It proves the *poorness of the meal*, you flat !

The maid has giv'n me warning to leave, through  
you.

He. Happy girl ! *I wish I could give you warning,  
too !*

Both. Go away, you torment, &c.

He. You're always gadding about—'tis not discreet :  
A wife should thread her needle, not the street.

She. The least a married man can do, I think,  
is to intoxicate himself with love, not drink.

He. True : and ere your temper makes such fearful  
slips,

Remember wives should curl their hair, but not  
their hips.

She. The only way a *gentleman*, sir, spies  
The faults of woman, is, *to shut his eyes !*

Both. Go away, you torment, &c.

He. Marriage is designated the *bridle* state,  
And you a *curb* would put on me, at any rate.

She. Of course—we weaker vessels are than you,

And think too little of ourselves, we do !

If we abuse you, you should silent be,

Or, box your ears, say "Thank you," in a  
pleasing key :

If we tear your eyes out—feel your way—d'ye  
hear?—

To the door, and fly—

He. I doesn't *see it*, dear!

Both. Go away, you torment, &c.

He. The most happy marriage, dear, that happen can  
Must be of a blind woman to a nice deaf man.  
I've heard, and now I think there is truth in it—  
A woman's tongue goes two thousand times a  
minute.

She. We need such weapons, when our lords are  
crusty—

He. You take good care, madam, yours shan t grow  
rusty.

I've heard men stutter, but never came within  
reach

Of a woman with an *impediment in her speech*!

Both. Get away, you torment, &c.

She. If I'd my will—although 'twould cost a tussle,  
I'd sow you in a bag, and turn you into a  
bustle.

He. You've brass enough *in face* to make a kettle—

She. And *sance* in yours, to fill it, Mr. Mettle.

He. Madam, flesh and blood can stand this no lon-  
ger—

She. But *skin and bone* must, and a trifle stronger.

He. I'll leave you to cool, while I go and take my  
grog—

Arguing with you is giving water to a rabid  
dog.

Both. Get away, you torment, &c.

She. I'd have you recollect, sir, I'm your wife—

He. You take good care I shall, upon my life!

She. I once was dear to you. (*Whimpering.*)—why  
not so still?

He You are *dear*, very—when I look at the milliner's bill.

She. Fashion increases trade, I must assert—

He. I wish Fashion would teach you to *make a shirt*!

She. Well, now, to astonish you, I have made one—

He. (*Astonished.*) You have? Then no more quarrelling—I've done!

## SPOKEN.

He—Come to my arms, and let me dash your brains out—no, I don't mean that—I mean, and blow the candle out! You've never pleased me so much except when we were first united: for a woman that can't make shirts and puddings should never have one to eat!

She.—My dear, I've taught myself, on the sly, to do both, so what pie or pudding would you like, to begin with?

He.—Why, to begin with something easy to yourself—we'll have an *apple pie, made of nothing but quinces*!

She.—Very well, dear. I'll roast the moon for your supper, if you wish it.

[*Together.*]

He. Oh, you little angel, you're welcome to come nigh me—

I'll love you more than ever—now just you only try me

She, You darling little man, you, you're welcome to come nigh me—

But, mind, in future, you nothing will deny me.

## DO LEAVE US A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR.

[Music sold by Duncombe and Moon, 17, Holborn, opposite Furnival's Inn.]

To Lunnon I went t'other day,

Wi' my beautiful carrotty poll—

We travelled by rail, folks did say,

But I call it flying, by gole.

When I got off the train, you must know,

A policeman cried out, "Hallo, there!"

Is that how you're going to go ?

Won't you leave us a lock of your hair ?

Tol de rol, &c.

Says I, "What should I see in you,  
'To do anything of the kind ?"

Says he, "It looks pratty, now do'—"

"Well," says I, "to oblige I don't mind."

He lopp'd off a nation big bit,

And seem'd pleased wi' his present, 'I'll swear,

For he grinned like a pig in a fit,

As he walk'd off the lock of my hair.

Tol de rol, &c.

In the next street wur five or six more,

Just in the same way inclined—

Though I never beheld 'em *afore*,

In axing they wasn't *behind*.

I thought the young brats wur insane,

For they round me did bellow and blare,

"For fear we shan't see you again,

Do leave us a lock of your hair."

Tol de rol, &c.

What a fancy, thinks I, arn't it odd,

Folks have taken to I, sure, by gole—

If they go on at this fun, ecod,

I shan't have a hair on my poll.

A beggar next held out his fin,

But I hadn't a copper to spare,

"We'l," says he, "as you can't give us tin,

Iust give us a lock of your hair."

Tol de rol, &c.

Says I, "I'll be flogged if I do"—

'Cause I thought it a downright affront—

Whe a damsel, dress'd smartish in blue,  
 Cam: up, and said, "Don't think me blunt,  
 But there's shocking bad creatures," says she,  
 About—that's a good lad, take care,  
 For I've taken a fancy to thee—  
 P'rhaps you'll give me a lock of your hair?"  
 Tol de rol, &c.

Says I, " 'Cod, with pleasure, my dear"—  
 For she wur an angel, that's true—  
 Says she, "Just step in—I live here,  
 'Cause mother would like a lock, too."  
 I popped into her house, like a pink,  
 And set myself down in a chair—  
 "Now," says she, "we'll have summut to drink,  
 On the strength of this lock of your hair."  
 Tol de rol, &c.

Out came a full bottle of wine,  
 And she made me drink on it free—  
 Zooks, I felt as courageous as nine,  
 And took her a top of my knee.  
 When a fat woman bounced in the room—  
 Says she, "You wretch, what d'ye do there  
 With my daughter?" Says I, in a fume,  
 "Why, I've brought her a lock o' my hair."  
 Tol de rol, &c.

"Lock, indeed!" says she, "you'd better *bolt*"—  
 As she pulled out my hair by the roots—  
 Then my person they both laid a *holt*,  
 And poor I in the gutter they shoots.  
 A Peeler came—hearing the smash—  
 So I gave 'em in charge, then and there,  
 For they'd taken ten pounds of my cash,  
 As well as the lock o' my hair. Tol de rol, &c.

Afore Mister Wigsby next day  
 I out wi't—so did perlice—

My innocent looks had the sway,  
 So they got their twelve pennoth a-piece.  
 Then turning to me—"Well," he said,  
 "You're the biggest fool in this affair—  
 If folks ax'd you to give 'em your head,  
 You'd give it, as well as your hair."

**Tol de rol, &c**

His worship so gave l the lash,  
 Back to village I straight did repair—  
 While I cried at the loss of my cash,  
 Mother cried at the loss o' my hair  
 Lunnon folks are too clever, I fear—  
 For they oft beat themselves, you're aware—  
 If I'd only known all *this here*,  
 They shouldn't have had all *that hair*.

**Tol de rol, &c.**

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### YANKEEANIA!

Tune—Yankee Doodle.

Facts are stubborn things, I guess—  
 You English may be clever,  
 But, foremost in the van—oh, yes  
 Is 'Meriky, for ever.  
 We're beauties—we are—without paint,  
 As spry as cats you'll find us—  
 Exflunctify me, if you ain't  
 A thousand miles behind us.  
 You Britishers, at any rate,  
 Are reckon'd tarnal clever—  
 We'll take first chalk, I kalkulate—  
 A-meri-ky for ever!

**A man with whom my father deals—  
 (You must admire his feelings)—**



He *won't sit down* to take his meals,

He's so *upright* in his dealings.

For *peace* he's such an advocate,

He never had a liking

For clocks in his house, at no rate,

Because they re fond of *striking* !

You Britishers, &c.

Oysters in Amerikee,

So painful large, by gole, are,

It takes, upon my conscience free,

*Three men to eat one whole, there !*

They brew their beer so strong, 'tis said,

In that outlandish quarter—

It takes *four men to blow the head*

*From off a pot of porter !*

You Britishers, &c.

They say the gals of Tennessee

Are so tarnation *sweet*, sir,

*No sugar's* wanted in the tea,

Wherever they may meet, sir.

I guess they're pow'rfully expert,

And beat the knowing bold 'uns—

They make a spic and span new shirt

Out of a pair of old 'u's.

You Britishers, &c.

Hot weather there is no great treat—

I believe it does like fun shine—

It is a fact—the women *heat*

*Their irons in the sunshine.*

For warm receptions, true, it bangs

A piping red hot cinder—

When they *boiling water* wants, they hangs

The kettle out of *winder* ! You Britishers, &c.

A man in Massachussets keeps

On growing so darned high, sirs,

His head of hair entirely sweeps  
 The *cobwebs from the sky*, sirs  
 So tarnal thin he up'ards shoot,  
 That when the wind is rising,  
 He's forc'd to wear *lead* in his boots,  
 To prevent him from *capsizing*.

You Britishers, &c.

The Alabama gals, 'tis said,  
 Drink off, and no ways surly,  
 A pint of yeast, on going to bed,  
 To make 'em *rise* up early.  
 Talk of women being fat—  
 I guess you never found 'em  
 So large as ours—they take, mark that—  
*A week to walk right round 'em!*

You Britishers, &c.

There lives a chap on our land  
 He'll never save his bacon—  
 He fancies he's a donkey, and  
 He isn't much mistaken.  
 He is so jolly *green*, I hear  
 His friends they do empow'r him  
 To have a keeper, 'cos, for fear  
 The cattle might devour him!

You Britishers, &c.

The soil's so rich, as well as light,  
 In Kentuck I'll be swearing,  
 If you plant a nail the overnight,  
*A spike it's grown* next morning!  
 In Fortune's wheel, so put a spoke—  
 Never say a die, boys—  
 Put your trust in Mister Polk,  
 And keep your powder dry, boys.

You Britishers, &c.

## NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

Sung by J. W. Sharp.

[Music published by Duncombe &amp; Moon, 17, Holborn Hill.]

An editor sat on a lofty stool—

A very long pen was stuck in his ear—  
Before him letters from knave and fool,

In penmanship not over clear.

He open'd one, and he open'd all,

As fast as could any mortal man—  
Smothered in scribble, scratch and scrawl,And thus the precious medley ran.  
Mr. Editor, what would it cost

To break a fellow's head for fun?

Which of the two wrote 'Paradise Lost'—

Billy Nutts, or the Poet Bunn?

When do the Chartists' take London *again*?Can a man get drunk upon four-shilling tea?  
Do gooseberries make the best Champagne?Do you think Prince Albert at all like me?  
Is Mr. Paul Bedford out of his teens?Who invented cobblers' wax?  
Is it true Lord Russell shortly meansOn sleepy heads to levy a tax?  
Are rabbits Welsh consider'd game?Do undertakers ever weep?  
Which is the shortest road to Fame?

Does Mrs. Nesbitt snore in her sleep?

An editor, &amp;c.

Mr. Editor, once before

I wrote to ask— now tell me, pray,  
Did the celebrated buoy at the Nore

Ever have a father—eh?

Who was the author of Shakespeare's Plays?

Do they eat much *bacon* up the Rhine?

Is it true Mother Eve wore stays ?

Is the North Pole made of oak, or pine ?

What do they term the flesh of a cow ?

What is the English for 'Jolly bricks' ?

Of actors which is the finest, now—

Mister Macready, or Bravo Hicks ?

An editor sat, &c.

Did Milton use *steel* pens, or no ?

Is the language chaste at Billingsgate ?

Is it true the author of 'Jump, Jim Crow,'

Is appointed Poet Laureate ?

Please to insert a recipe

To produce whiskers, and make 'em grow—

You're more versed in the classics than me,

Is 'take a sight!' consider'd low ?

Is the Irish Ambassador given to drink ?

Do busses run to Botany Bay ?

Mr. Editor, don't you think

Kissing very delightful play ? An editor sat, &c.

Was Dryden fond of heavy *wet* ?

Did Ovid write 'All round my hat' ?

At Chili do people ever *sweat* ?

What was the age of Whittington's cat ?

Does the 'Kyboshidra' carry a tail ?

Is the 'Fangsjawscalus' double finn'd ?

If I suck the eggs of a nightingale,

Shall I sing as well as Jenny Lind ?

If a maiden dies at forty-one,

Don't you think she's nipped in the bud ?

Pray was Muster Widdicum,

Born before or after the flood ?

An editor sat, &c.

Was Queen 'Bokanki' fond of a pipe ?

Are guinea pigs the dearest pork ?

Is the King of Prussia fond of tripe?  
 What sort of a chap is the 'Cove of Cork?'  
 Pray what time do you take your meals?  
 Did carrots grow in the reign of Anne?  
 Was Byron fond of pickled eels?  
 Is Lord Brougham a French or Englishman?  
 When do they open the 'Diddlesex Line?'  
 What day next week is it going to rain?  
 When will the British Drama shine  
 At Common Garden and Drury Lane?  
 An editor sat, &c.

Editor, dear, do you want a mate?  
 Because I've two or three daughters fair—  
 I've often heard of the River Plate—  
 Pray is it silver, or crockery ware?  
 Are red plush breeches consider'd neat?  
 Is it very healthy to have the gout?  
 Is the 'German Diet' good to eat,  
 That I read in the paper so much about?  
 You can tell me, I suppose,  
 Can I go all the way, by coach, to Greece?  
 If a ruffian bites off part of my nose,  
 Isn't he bound to keep the *peace*?  
 So the editor jump'd from his lofty stool,  
 And into a terrible passion flew—  
 Swore his dinner was getting cool,  
 And curs'd the letters and writers, too!

### WALK ALONG, LORD JOHN!

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp, at Vauxhall Gardens.

[Music published by Duncombe & Moon, 17, Holborn Hill.]

The world is moving on, and you,  
 Lord John, of course, should move on, too;

No doze a dozing, by the way—  
 You'll nap it, if you do—so pray  
     Walk along, John! walk along, John!  
 Drowsy John! walk along, John!  
     Don't go to sleep till the work's all done.

Anything for a change, good luck to you, do—  
 Take the duty off snuff, or powder blue—  
 Give folks a feast of fraternity,  
 And the run of the Docks, just to *pipe* their eve.  
     Walk along, John! walk along, John!  
 Sleepy John! walk along, John!  
     You must move on as the rest have done.

Tax old maids, John, left and right,  
 But don't tax people heavy for *light*—  
 In the exchequer we're extremely low,  
 With you it's *income*, but with us, *out go*!  
     Walk along, John! walk along, John!  
 Sluggard John! walk along, John!  
     Don't you imagine your work's half done.

'The tide of affairs is turning round,  
 Look alive, John, or you'll sure be drown'd—  
 Go with the stream, that's running free,  
 Or you'll meet with your Fi-nal-i-ty!  
                             Walk along, John, &c.

Look to Spain, John, keep it in tune,  
 Or we'll have no Spanish *inguns* soon—  
 A perfect *bull-war's* raging there,  
 And all about a *sooty-mare*.      Walk along, &c.

Stop peace-breakers' vile abuse,  
 Who've all to gain, and nothing to lose—  
 If physical force the laws will break,  
 Your physic, John, you must force 'em to take.  
                             Walk along, &c.

Do pass that Sanitary Bill—  
 Let dirty folks, if they choose, be ill—  
 You want *more peth* about you, I ween,  
 To make us healthy, sweet, and clean!  
 Walk along, &c.

Don't give the 'Specials' another job,  
 To leave their counter to *encounter* the mob—  
 Swear in the Italian singers grave,  
 They best can introduce a *stave*! Walk along, &c.

Cuffy wants *cheap soap*, I ween,  
 To scrub Convention Hall out clean—  
 Some want *six pints*, John, so 'twere best,  
 To give 'em *one quart*, and owe 'em the rest.  
 Walk along, &c.

The ladies say—oh, fie, John, oh!  
 For them your coach is far too slow—  
 Prime Minister you *is* they see,  
 But not sich a prime 'un as you ought for to be!  
 So walk along, John! slow coach John!  
 Or a petticoat Parliament they'll have anon.

So many *changes* you most own,  
 For *sovereigns* was never known—  
 Unchanged may England's Queen remain,  
 And 'Vive Victoria!' be our strain.  
 So walk along, John! sleepy John!  
 You must go a-head, as others have done.

---

MR. AND MRS. STITCH'EM.

A CHARACTERISTIC DUET

Sung by Miss Toplis and Mr. Percy.

Tune--Yankee Doodle.

He. Mrs. Stitch'em, hold your tongue,  
 And keep them young 'uns quiet—

In my ears all day, ding dong.

Your clapper's running riot.

She. Stitch'em mind your own affairs—

If they like to squall out, let 'em—

If you re not fond of sons and heirs,

You'd no right, sir, to get 'em!

He. Squalling, bawling, ev'ry way—

She. Jawing, cawing, ev'ry way—

He. To old Nick I could pitch 'em!

She. To old Nick you would pitch 'em!

Both. Not a quiet hour all day—

He. Noisy Mrs. Stitch'em!

She. Grumbling Mr. Stitch'em!

He. All day long stuck on the board,

I'm quite sewed up with sewing—

While, lazy like, you are, good lord,

For novels you keep going.

She. I wish you'd go and work away

From home, and mind your place, sir—

Once is quite enough a day,

To see your ugly face, sir.

Squalling, bawling, &c.

He. Since tally bills have taken root,

There's so much money owing—

I haven't got a decent suit,

That's *suit*-able to go in.

She. I am a pattern of a wife,

And ought to come out spicey—

He. And I am a married man odd s life,

And always shall go *shisey*.

Squalling, bawling, &c.

He. For rent, through you, I'm in arrears—

Our goods will soon enrich 'em—

She. I'll cut your tongue out with your shears,

As sure as my name's Stitch'em.



He. Pray take an inch from off your own,  
For you can better spare it—

She. You wretch, to talk in such a tone,  
I'll pay you back, I'll swear it!

Squalling, bawling, &c.

He. Just fetch the goose from off the fire,  
To press them breeches out, now—

She. If the goose, sir, you require,  
You'll find it up the spout, now.

He. Fire and bodkins! I'm undone—

She. I swore you'd get a tasting—  
You deserve it all for jawing one—

He. You deserve a jolly good *basting*.

#### DIALOGUE.

She. Basting, indeed! and you deserve to be *double milled* for saying so.

He. Madam, I can excuse anything; but when you rob me of my goose, you enricheth not yourself, and leave me poor indeed.

She. Oh, yes: but I got fourpence on it.

He. Four devils, marm! I wish there was no spouts but water-spouts.

She. Then I can tell you, Mr. Stitch'em, you'd often come off with nobbs of chairs and pump handles for dinner, and nothing to wash 'em down with.

He. Yes, and thanks to your mismanagement. Why don't you cut your coat according to your cloth?

She. Because you've learnt me the whole art of cab-baging.

He. Me, eh? Why it's your love for romances. You can't cook a dinner without having one eye on the pot, and the other on "Jack Sheppard," or else the "Knight of the Woeful Countenance."

She. Don't mention it, Stitch'em. You forget when you got drunk on the board, and made Mr. Thingamy's breeches hind part before,

He. Ah, that's an oversight. Besides, fashions differ, I thought he might like it, for a change. You shouldn't repeat old grievances.

She. Then you shouldn't begin it.

He. Yes—stick to that. I know you can do it.

Sae. Of course you do—you always do.

He. Then, for a change, you ought to be the first to leave off.

She. Well, providing I'm not called over the coals about the goose, perhaps I will'.

He. Never, my duck. Here's sixpence to get it out, and get yourself a yard of tape with the change—at the gin shop.

She. No, don't be shabby. Make it up a quartern, and I'll bring it in under my apron.

He. Ah, don't let the old landlady see it, or she'll want a shilling off the six months back rent—so look alive, and when you come back, we'll get—

Both. Dancing, spreeing, every way—

To old Nick cares we'll pitch 'em:

Laughing, quaffing, all the day,

Lovely Mrs.

Charming Mr. } Stitch'em!

### OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

[Music published by Duncombe & Moon, 17, Holborn Hill.]

Oh, what a row they're making now—

I'm sure there's no occasion—

A perfect fns, to frighten us,

About a French invasion.

Old folks are fill'd with war's alarms,

As sure as eggs are eggs, now—

Some are taking to their arms,

And others to their *legs*, now.

Oh, what a row they're making now—

I'm sure there's no occasion—

Oh, such a fuss, to frighten us,

About a French invasion.

Great Buonaparte declar'd we were

A nation of shopkeepers—

The barber -ays, ' What of that air ?  
 'Mongst us they'll find no *creepers* !  
 Tea dealers, they've prepar'd their best  
 Gunpowder, ready to act, sirs—  
 They'll *pour* it into the enemy *strong*—  
 " One trial will prove the fact, sirs."

Oh, what a row, &c.

The butcher eyes his glitt'ring steel,  
 And flourishes his cleaver,  
 To put his shoulder to the *wheel*,  
 He's in a *scarlet fever*.  
 Each costermonger 'bout the town  
 Is training his Mazeppa—  
 The hatter throws his *castor* down,  
 And vows he'll give 'em *pepper* !

Oh, what a row &c.

Watchmakers—(that's th' *time o'day*)—  
 Declare they up would *wind* 'em—  
 Publicans, pot valiant, say  
*Rum* customers they'd find 'em.  
 Jack Ketch says he'd take them in *tow*  
 If they should land at Dover—  
 Corn chandlers vow they'll *chaff* the foe,  
*Whenever* they come over !

Oh, what a, &c.

Tobacconists' say it's *meer sham*—  
 Old England, who'd attack her ?  
 'Twill end in *smoke*—yes, *when* the foe  
 Come forward, they'll stand *backer* !  
 A shower of Old Parr's Pills, 'tis true,  
 Would *physic* 'em, I'd lay, sirs—  
 The *Life Pills* wouldn't they *kill* a few,  
 And make 'em *Hollo-a-way*, sirs.

Oh, what a row, &c.

Some females bold, are bent, I'm told,  
 Us volunteers to engage among,  
 In costume, a la Jenny Lind,  
 Yes—in 'La Fille di Reggimentò.'  
 They'll use no weapons but their eyes,  
 And we *knows* how *they* will 'em;  
 Let the sons of France but meet their glance,  
 It's sartin sure to kill 'em!      Oh, what a, &c.

Last week my rascals, Tom and Jack,  
 Got a sort of foreign mill up,  
 They stabb'd their mother in the back,  
 And call'd her 'Lucy Phillup,'  
 While Master Billy fired his gun,  
 Or one of those cannon friskers—  
 Cried 'Down with Johnwill!' out of fun,  
 And blew off both my whiskers!  
 Oh, what a row, &c.

Miss Tumbletoddy says, she means  
 To stop these foreign mummers,  
 She'll set her face against French beans,  
 And smile on scarlet runners.  
 French clogs upon her British feet,  
 Shall never more be sandal'd—  
 And if French *kids* she e'er should meet,  
 Won't they be roughly *handled*?  
 Oh, what a row, &c.

May Johnny Bull not have to pull  
 His purse strings for expenses,  
 Because the great so *strongly* prate  
 About our *weak* defences.  
 Defend the stomachs of the poor,  
 Ye rulers and Free Traders,  
 From grim starvation, who is sure  
 The worst of all invaders.      Oh, what a row, &c.

## ADDITIONAL VERSES.

On Jullien's band they'd seize, if they land,  
 To imitate the dying,  
 On the ophicleide, and bass beside,  
 In hopes 'twould send us flying.  
 Monsieur Soyer, as I live,  
 Might lead the meagre troop, sirs.  
 A *broth of a boy* he'd be to give  
 Us all our tickets for soup, sirs.

Oh, what a row, &c.

Lord John, egad, 's Militia mad—  
 (Johnny Bull looks blue on)—  
 So, without fail, more tin to nail,  
 He's going to put the *screw* on.  
 So whether the foe should come or no,  
 Thanks to our kind protectors!  
 Invaded we shall surely be,  
 By Income Tax collectors. Oh, what a row, &c.

—

## ALL THE WORLD IS GOING AHEAD!

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

[Music published by Duncombe & Moon, 17, Holborn Hill]

Something new starts every day—  
 Johnny Bull is onward led—  
 Antiques dwindle fast away,  
 All the world is going ahead!  
 Now ought commerce to improve—  
 Science triumphs, you'll allow—  
 Everything is on the move,  
 Excepting Jacky Russell, now.  
 Something new, &c.

The Electric Telegraph seems to cut  
 Through space—of wonders 'tis the crack—

Almost *before* the question's put,  
 I'm told they send you the *answer back*.  
 The time will soon arrive, you'll see,  
 When, in ev'ry house, like gas and water,  
 The Electric Telegraph will be  
 Laid on at so much per quarter!  
 Something new, &c

Monsieur Soyer, King of Soups,  
 Was sent to Ireland, full of joy,  
 To sarve the poor folks out by troops,  
 Because they thought him a *broth* of a boy!  
 To make y'r jonteelly thin again,  
 Pat says it's the finest stuff, no doubt—  
 You'd be able to *hide behind a cane*,  
 Or *climb a gas pipe, and clean it out!*  
 Something new, &c

Of busses now there's quite a heap—  
 Ladies, don't mistake, d'ye hear?—  
 I speak of *omni-busses* cheap,  
 Busses from you are always *dear*.  
 Economic the fashion grows,  
 Of expensive riding we've now got rid—  
 It's very evident *tuppence* goes  
 A longer way than it *used to did!*  
 Something new, &c

Old fashioned grogs are out of date—  
 Our ancestors would term us flash—  
 Of 'Sherry Cobblers to hear us prate,  
 'Mint Juleps,' and 'Brandy Smash.'  
 Ladies patronize them, too,  
 I'm told, in circles quite the ton—  
 Ring the bell they commonly do,  
 And exclaim, 'Bring up a *cobbler*, John!  
 Something new, &c

Snobs and gents are all the rig—  
 Knobby sticks, and swaggering gaits—  
 Wrappers on, a mile too big,  
 And pearly buttons, as large as plates.  
 When Jullien's open, there he's seen,  
 Chaffs the band, and begins to pelt—  
 Won't remove his hat to ' God save the Queen  
 Gets it smash'd, but the loss *ain't felt!*  
 Something new, &c.

Chloroform is now the rage,  
 It *painless* renders every pain—  
 Surgeons now, through every stage,  
 May freely *cut* and *come again!*  
 To have a limb remov'd, you'll find  
 It's quite a treat—(don't think I scoff)—  
 For until the patient they remind,  
 He's not aware they've *lopp'd it off!*  
 Something new, &c.

Shops are 'early closing' now,  
 To give young men a little fresh air—  
*Quere*, to kick up a jolly row,  
 At 'Sall's Valentino, Leicester-square.'  
 The Closing Movement's grown so bold,  
 Lovers of oysters are in a stew,  
 For the regular *natives*, so I'm told,  
 Are resolved on early closing, too!  
 Something new, &c.

Gutta Percha's rising fast,  
 Leather's *hiding* its head, folks say;  
 One pair of Gutta soles will last  
 At least for ever and a day!  
 Father Mathew on it doats,  
 And recommends all drunken men

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 I'm told they send you the *answer back*.  
 The time will soon arrive, you'll see,  
 When, in ev'ry house, like gas and water,  
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 Something new, &c.

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 Leather's *hiding* its head, folks say;  
 One pair of Gutta soles will last  
 At least for ever and a day!  
 Father Mathew on it doats,  
 And recommends all drunken men

With Gutta Percha to *line their throats*—  
 They'll be able to keep the *wet out* then.  
 Something new, &c.

The Sanitary Movement now  
 Removes all filth till none remain,  
 While those who want it any how,  
 Lord Carlisle, or Ashley will—*stand a drain!*  
 Policemen are to *scour* the streets,  
 And not the *kitchens*, as some are prone,  
 And watering-carts, on their several beats,  
 Are to *water* the roads with Eau de Cologne.  
 Something new, &c.

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### THE CATTLE SHOW.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Tune—Dumblodum Deary.

I t'other day went for a change, you must know,  
 To feast my eyes on the 'Cattle Show':  
 At sight of the fat that was conglomerated,  
 The folks seemed quite in *fat-uated*.  
 Tol de rol lol, &c.

When on the *beastes* I cast my eyes,  
 With Hamlet I 'gan to soliloquize—  
 'O that this too solid flesh should melt,  
 And about the town as *candles* be dealt.  
 Tol de rol lol, &c.

Such mountains of fat I never did see,  
 In the style of Tom Moore I got singing with glee—  
 'And doth not a *meeting* like this make amends,'  
 For the measly meat Mister Butcher oft sends?  
 Tol de rol lol, &c.✓

There were plenty of *cakes*—of course I was one,  
 Staring at what the *oil cakes* had done :  
 There was no horns, and long horns, and short horns,  
                   by gule, oh !  
 And one of the long *horns* obliged with a *solo* !  
   Tol de rol lol, &c.

The long-wool'd wethers seemed *weather wise*,  
 They were wrapp'd in wrappers I shouldn't despise ;  
 The sheepish old South Downs were *downy* enough,  
                   c'up  
 For their fat weigh'd 'em down so, they couldn't *get*  
                   up !   Tol de rol lol, &c.

Country cousins were flocking and crowding so fast  
                   in  
 With carcasses brawny, while others were casting  
 Sheeps' eyes on the lassies, instead of the meat,  
 While a young *kid-nigh* me on the *bull's eyes* was  
                   sweet !   Tol de rol lol, &c.

Some come from Hogs-norton, from Ox-ford, and  
                   Cowes,  
 Louis Phillips, from Claremont, got in for two *sous*—  
                   (sows)  
 The Electric Light render'd the show all the brighter,  
 Which assisted in making the heavy beasts *lighter*,  
   Tol de rol lol, &c.

Prince Albert at pig feeding wonders has done—  
 He's gone the *whole hog*, and another prize won.  
 Only think of his Highness obtaining a prize  
 For fattening pigs till he bunged up their eyes !  
   Tol de rol lol, &c.

Poor folks must expect to get thin, mind you that,  
 When the farmers are 'bliged to make cattle so fat :

While men die of eating too little, 'tis such,  
 Pigs, oxen, and sheep, die of eating *too much* !  
 Tol de rol lol, &c.

To animals, cruelty surely it be—  
 What's become of the *Beasteses* Society ?  
 If they'd fatten the poor with half as much grace,  
 A pauper might dare look a pig in the face !  
 Tol de rol lol, &c.

### PATENTMANIA !

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Tune--Irish Washerwoman

Oh, London's a wonderful place, you must say,  
 It gives birth to something great every day.  
 A patent for this thing—a patent for that—  
 Here's a chapter upon em I'll sing; then, all pat  
 We've patents for all things, both little and big,  
 From a coalscuttle up to an old lady's wig !  
 So travel through London, or roam where you may,  
 A patent new sunnut you'll find ev'ry way.

Patent hats made of velvet, about town you'll see,  
 That look none the worser, if *well wet* they be—  
 Patent candles likewise, patronised by Queen Wick,  
 Patent Jenny Lind lollipops, penny a stick !  
 There's patent pomatum in many a shop,  
 That will make a bald head grow as thick as a mop.  
 So travel, &c.

Patent Floats to go swimming and ploughing the  
 deep—

Your heads above water they're certain to keep—  
 Jump from Waterloo Bridge with one on, and it's odd  
 If you don't float away down the Thames, like a cod !

Patent flat watches; for waistcoat or fob,  
 And *levers* they'll prove, if you mix in a mob.  
 So travel, &c.

Patent pulmonic wafers—such prime things I'm told.  
 To pulverize, pay out, and pummel a cold.  
 They say if you swallow a box full off smack,  
 A voice like Alboni you'll have, in a crack.  
 There's patent pork pies, if you'd go the *whole pig*,  
 Patent Polkas by Jullien, and Mister Kaynig.  
 So travel, &c.

There's patent revolving cravats—a fine spec—  
 When the tye finds its way to the back of the neck—  
 Patent double coats, too, if a *turncoat* you'd be,  
 One side for the summer, and one wintery—  
 There's patent egg powder—a saving, no doubt,  
 For eggs, my game chickens, you needn't *shell out* !  
 So travel, &c.

Patent Bachelors' kettles, so handy, odds life !  
 You can *get in hot water* without e'er a wife—  
 Patent soles, Gutta Percha, first-raters, they say,  
 And will stick to the stones on a hot summer's day.  
 Patent *sau-e*, just to give to your *wittles* a tone,  
 Though folks now-a-days have got *lots of their own* !  
 So travel, &c.

There's patent revivers of gold, you must know,  
 Though it cannot revive what I lost long ago—  
 Patent jumpers for babbies, all by themselves twirl'd,  
 That is, *if you've* any jump into the world.  
 And a word to young persons about *for* to marry,  
 There's patent spring bedsteads, so young men don't  
 tarry,  
 So travel, &c.

## THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING, BOYS!

THE COMIC VERSION, AS SUNG BY MR. J. W. SHARP.

[Music published by Duncombe &amp; Moon, 17, Holborn Hill,]

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming—

We might not live to see the day,

But then our little babbies may,

In the good time coming.

When every one will be so rich,

With long purse come out stronger—

Of work catch any doing a stitch—

Wait a little longer!

## CHORUS.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming—

There's a good time coming, boys,

So wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming—

When government will cease to ax

Us for the blessed income tax,

In the good time coming.

The sev'n'pence sav'd in ev'ry pound,

Will make us come out stronger :

Myself a new coat, spouse a gownd,

Wait a little longer! There's a good time, &amp;c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming—

When all things English through the land,

Shall 'stead of foreign take their stand,

In the good time coming.

When royalty shall patronise

The British Drama stronger,

And with Billy Shakespeare fraternise,  
Wait a little longer! There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming.

Wives will have no cause to say,  
'I'll not stir out this shabby way,

In the good time coming.

Husbands will not *screwemize*,

But do the liberal stronger,

And grant their *dear* wives fresh *supplies*,

Wait a little longer. There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming—

When penny loaves will be unknown,

And quartern so extensive grown,

In the good time coming.

Let your family be e'er so thick,—

Say ten, or twelve, or stronger—

'Twill take a week to eat a *brick*—

Wait a little longer. There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming—

When not a woman in the land,

Unmarried shall be left on hand

In the good time coming.

Not one must be left upon the shelf—

(Excuse my language stronger—

I'd sooner *marry you all myself*—

SPOKEN.

But then, ladies, you'd have to—

Wait a little longer. There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming—

When a special constable shall be  
A *nat'ral curiosity*,

In the good time coming.

The only staff that shall be rife—

(Won't the weak 'uns pick up stronger ?)

Will be the *crummy staff of life*—

Wait a little longer.      There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming—

When Britain's garden, say it we,

From weeds seditious shall be free,

In the good time coming.

Peace shall guide the great machine,

The feeble and the stronger—

We'll shield and shout ' God save the Queen !

Wait a little longer.      There's a good time, &c.

#### ENCORE VERSES.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming—

When a Benedict shall act discreet,

Nor turn his nose up at ' cold meat,'

In the good time coming.

When ladies gain these points, d'ye see—

(I may be right, or *wronger*)—

They'll allow you (p'rhaps) the *street door key*,

Wait a—*good while longer* !

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming—

When husbands shall, and nothing less,

Allow their wives three hours to dress,

In the good time coming.

With them 'twill then be nothing new—

And wives will love them stronger—



To let them have the *last word*, too—

Wait a little longer !      There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

    A good time coming—

Potatoes shall not have the rot,

And send poor people all to pot,

    In the good time coming.

The reign of Murphy shan't relax,

    But sprout up firm and stronger,

Into balls of flour instead of wax—

Wait a little longer.      There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

    A good time coming—

When pigs and oxen shall not be

Such *beastes* of obesity,

    In the good time coming

When noblemen shall all be led

    To come out kind and stronger,

And fatten up the poor instead—

Don't wait any longer ! There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

    A good time coming—

When a statty big, in every street,

Of the Duke of Wellington you'll meet,

    In the good time coming

Perhaps you think I joke—all stuff!

    Sure none could reason stronger—

Because there *ain't not half enough*;

    But we'll afford to wait—much longer

                                There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

    A good time coming—

When the Serpentine will be scoured out,  
 And in it we shall swim like trout,  
 In the good time coming.

For *divers* reasons, then, oh, lud!

We'll strike out all the stronger,  
 And not be found *sticks in th' mud*,

Nor *green* chaps any longer! There's a good &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming—

When the 'Sanitary Bill,' I ween,  
 Will make us all so sweet and clean,

In the good time coming.

Nuisances removed will be—

Especially the *stronger*—

Such as 'Broom' and 'Chizzle'em An-stey,'

*Don't* let us wait much longer!

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming—

Husbands shall not be so deep,  
 As secrets from their wives to keep,

In the good time coming.

And in return your wives agree—

For they'll stitch 'em on the stronger—

Shirt buttons ne'er shall wanting be—

Wait a little longer, There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming—

When everything of British make,  
 Shall precedence of foreign take,

In the good time coming.

Excepting British Brandy, mind—

(I prefer a liquor stronger)—

And real Havanna's *made at home*—

Wait a little longer! There's a good time, &c.

## RECEIPTS FOR A COLD.

" PRO BONO PUBLICO."

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Tune—Coal Black Rose.

If you'll listen to me, without any pelf,  
 I'll make you all as wise as myself.  
 They are facts worth knowing, and the only edi-  
 tion—

So allow me to be your ' Family Physician.'  
 Listen to me, young and old,  
 And attend to my Receipts for a Cold.

To find out the cures I have taken great pains  
 To ransack all the old womens' brains—  
 So if it your approbation meets,  
 I'll read you over the various Receipts.  
 Listen to me, &c.

If you've had a cold for several days,  
 And tried to get rid of it numerous ways—  
 Get a tub of hot water, and pop in your toes,  
 Tie your head in a blanket, and tallow your nose.  
 Listen to me, &c.

Or if you're much troubled with sneezing at the nose,  
 Make a *gravel walk* of it each day till it goes ;  
 Or if you feel rather stopp'd up in the head,  
 Take a *pailful of gruel* on going to bed.  
 Listen to me, &c.

If it's ' *Lodgings to let*' in your pockets and purse,  
 And you find your cold is getting much worse—  
 Get a quart of cold water, and drink ev'ry drain,  
 And sweat yourself down to the size of a *cane*.  
 Listen to me, &c.

If you feel rather roudy, and you're going to sing,  
Suck a shilling's worth of eggs—it's a very fine  
thing—

Or so hoarse you can't whisper, much less speak,  
Drink a pint of *sperm oil* eve'ry night for a week.  
Listen to me, &c.

There is an old saying—of it I'm a believer—  
We should ' Stuff a cold, and starve a fever ;'  
If so, I'll prescribe, without delay,  
That you eat about *seventeen meals a day !*  
So listen, &c.

Some say egg broth is the best thing of all—  
Some, beef tea—and some, ox gall ;  
Doctor Squash used to say—(who's in the grave  
sunk)—  
The best cure of all was to get *jolly drunk !*  
Listen to me, &c.

If it flies to your head, and upsets your affairs,  
*Blow out your brains*, and then *say your pray'rs*—  
Or troubled with the phlegm in your throat—odd rut  
it !—  
*A carving knife* swallow—it's the finest thing to *cut*  
*it !*  
Listen to me, &c

To conclude my advice, 'twill be but right,  
And read you some more on another night :  
I'll finish with a toast—let it reach all parts—  
“ May you never have *colds*, who carry *warm*  
*hearts !*”  
Listen to me, young and old,  
And attend to my Receipts for a Cold.

---

## THE LARNED DUSTMAN.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Tune--Literary Dustman.

Bill Shakespeare says, 'What's in a name?'

And you all know yourselves, sirs,

There's many a man of humble fame,

Lies *dusty* on the shelves, sirs.

I'm one of them of whom I said—

I'm going to pitch no grand tale,

But you'd scarce believe a Brougham's head

Lies underneath my fantail.

Of clever men we've had a sight—

Acknowledge it you must, man—

But Providence has brought to light

The first of Larned Dustmen.

Although myself I say it, I

*Low* language never caught up—

Of vulgar people I fought shy,

I wasn't dragg'd, but *brought* up,

To study Greek my buzzum burn'd,

So to College I was sent there—

And I know'd as much when I return'd

As I did afore I went there!

Of clever men we've had, &c.

I confounds all their politics,

Around about the parish,

And frustrates all their knavish tricks,

And comes it pretty fairish.

The wote by *ballads* I admire,

And them as don't are guffins—

The tax off *corns* we shall require,

Vith uniwersal *sufferings*!

Of clever men we've had, &c.

At our last meeting night, my flowers—

It's a fact, and you may ask it—

I spoke for nearly eleven hours,

At the famous "Bell and Basket."

I didn't like my speeches cut,

Or, by many I've been told, it

Would have been in all the papers, but

There vosn't one would hold it!

Of clever men we've had, &c.

Sometimes into high life I'm led

Among the spicy fellers—

At "Evans's," or "Garrick's Head,"

Or else the "Cider Cellars."

It's there I cuts no little shine,

'Mong birds of noble feather—

Lord Slaughterford and me's crack'd wine—

Yes—and lots of heads together!

Of clever men we've had, &c.

To see my library's a treat—

Such rare scarce vorks—you'd doubt it!

There's the "Newgate Calender" complete,

Vith lots of *gilt* about it.

I see you're all struck vith surprise—

It shows my brain's not muddy—

I've 'most vore out two pair of eyes,

I m such a cove to study!

Of clever men we've had, &c.

Through *industry* I've saved some *dust*,

From bus'ness soon I'll stump it—

But return to *dust* some day I must,

Vhether I likes or lumps it.

But all these things ve must endure—

It might not be my vurst hole—

I ought to feel at home, I'm sure,  
 When I'm down in the *dust-hole* !  
 Of clever men we've had, &c.

---

## I DON'T LIKE TO SEE,

Tune—Nothing.

What a queer set of creatures we are, I declare—  
 What one person likes, why another can't bear ;  
 It was always a plan, when I first went to school,  
 To like ev'rything good, like the Lord May's fool.  
 Some like to look thin—some like to look fat—  
 Some like to see this, and some like to see that,  
 But if you'll be silent, and listen to me,  
 I'll just tell you all what I don't like to see.

You may call me a quiz, you may call me a pry  
 But I cannot bear things that look queer to the  
 eye—

If you like to see 'em it's nothing to me,  
 I tell you they're things that I don't like to see

Now I don't like to see little boys with cigars,  
 They're better at home with their pa's and their ma's.  
 I don't like to see folks in misery sunk,  
 And I don't like to see a tæetotalier drunk.  
 I don't like to see ugly women use paint,  
 Nor a grey-headed sinner pretend he's a saint:  
 Or a swell in a dickey tied over a rag,  
 Nor a fop with moustachios, who's not worth a mag !  
 You may call, &c.

I don't like to see ladies picking their gums,  
 Nor a boy at sixteen always sucking his thumbs—  
 I don't like to see women drink to excess,  
 Nor a miss in black stockings, and white muslin dress.

I don't like to see a coat fit like a sack,  
 Nor a man pinch his belly, for the sake of his back.  
 I don't like to see a man whopping his moke—  
 It shows that his *brotherly* feelings a joke.

You may call, &c.

I don't like to see frosty weather in May,  
 Nor a man wear his church-going tile ev'ry day—  
 I don't like to see people sulk at their meals,  
 Nor a girl with great *taters* stuck out at her heels.  
 I don't like to see people shooting the moon,  
 Nor a chap button'd up on a hot afternoon—  
 I don't like to see Peelers drunk on their beat,  
 Nor young ladies' bustles fall off in the street.

You may call, &c.

I don't like to see people pay twice for once,  
 Nor a man about thirty a thick-headed dunce—  
 I don't like to see folks eat more than their whack,  
 Nor a swell with his hair just a *yard* down his back :  
 I don't like to see yellow wipes round the throat,  
 Nor a man wipe his nose with the sleeve of his coat :  
 I don't like to see a pretty girl pout,  
 Nor young ladies' sending their clothes up the spout !

You may call, &c.

I don't like to see women dressed *fa la de ral*,  
 Nor a boy about twelve sticking up to a gal—  
 I don't like to see parsons go to the play,  
 Nor a swell in white ducks, on a pouring wet day :  
 I do like to see all your gay smiling faces,  
 And I hope ev'ry night you will here take your  
 places —

For I don't like to see empty seats, I declare,  
 And I do think the landlord agrees with me there.

You may call, &c.



## THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

[Music published by Duncombe &amp; Moon, 17, Holborn Hill.]

A most enlightened age this is indeed fast growing—  
It strikes me very forcibly we're getting far too know-  
ing,

For a new invention's started, that's to do away with  
night,

And all to be accomplish'd by the great Electric Light.

'Tis a fact, I'll exact, the world is growing bright  
Through the wondrous introduction of the new  
Electric Light!

The inventor, I might *state*, though to genius he is  
wedded,

When first the idea struck him, he must have been  
*light* headed.

Providing it's successful, in a little time, 'tis said,  
'Twill o'er the world throw such a light, that will put  
put the moon to bed! 'Tis a fact, &c.

Outside the Gallery National it was tested for a  
time,

And out of all the gas lights completely *took the  
shine!*

I wish *inside* the Gallery they'd introduce the *spark*,  
And on the pictures throw some light, for they're sadly  
in the dark! 'Tis a fact, &c.

Hundreds saw much farther than they ever saw before,  
John O'Connell saw himself a dying on the floor:  
Mr. Cochrane saw his statty fix'd in Trafalgar Square,  
And, to *his advantage*, Joseph Ady saw himself Lord  
May r! 'Tis a fact, &c.

Mr. Do-all saw his tailor, to whom he owed some *tin*,  
And bolted down a sombre court, as fast as he could  
spin—

Joe Stunners saw a wipe hang from a gent's fob, and  
was forc'd

To take possession of the same, in *case it might be*  
*lost!* 'Tis a fact, &c.

The Duke of York he saw his debts, and took it all  
for granted,

His creditors were after him, exclaiming 'York, you're  
wanted!'

He'd all along been out of mind, being almost out of  
sight—

He's *indebted* now to science for *dragging him to*  
*light!* 'Ti a fact, &c.

Mr Spriggins saw too plainly, from his house five  
hundred yards,

His spousy fraternizing with one of the Horse Guards

Mr. Blubber saw his cook, whom he thought was so  
discreet,

Handing up to the policeman nearly half a joint of  
meat! 'Tis a fact, &c,

Mr. Long-yarn Chisholm nstey, saw by the Electric  
Light,

All his speeches at a single glance, and fainted at the  
night—

The Board of Health saw clearly, while seated in their  
study,

That the Serpentine, like *their* own heads, was posi-  
tively *muddy!* 'Tis a fact, &c.

If e'er it's used to light the street—*electrifying* scene!  
'Twill quite extinguish all the *stars*—I don't mean  
heaves, or Kean

When Hamlet's daddy called for lights, while the play  
 was being done,  
 What a *shock* for the old buffer, had they brought the  
*electric* one! 'Tis a fact, &c.

It is a light of some *great shakes*—you'll see my mean-  
 ing ready—

A spark like our young sparks about, or fast men most  
 unsteady:

A blaze of triumph yet 'twill be, and we shall hail with  
 glee it—

Astonish us will these new *lights*, should we *livers* be to  
 see it!

'Tis a fact, I'll exact, the world is growing  
 bright

Through the wondrous introduction of the new  
 Electric Light.

### THE CADGER'S BALL!

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp,

Tune—Joe Buggins.

Oh, what a spicy flare up, tear up,  
 Festival Terpsickory,

Was guv'd by the genteel cadgers  
 In the famous Rookery.

As soon as it got vind, however,  
 Old St. Giles's vos to fall—

They all declar'd, so help their never,  
 They'd vind up vith a stunnin' ball!

Tol lol lol, &c.

Jack Flipflap took the affair in hand, sirs—  
 Who understood the thing complete—

He'd often danced afore the public,  
 On the *boards*, about the streets.  
 Old Mother Swankey, she consented  
 To lend her lodging-house for nix—  
 Says she, ' The crib comes down to-morrow,  
 So go it, just like beans and bricks.'  
 Tol lol lol, &c.

The night arrived for trotter shaking—  
 'To Mother Swankey's snoozing crib  
 Each downy cadger was seen taking  
 His bit of muslin, or his rib.  
 Twelve candles vos stuck into turnips,  
 Suspended from the ceiling queer—  
 Bunn's ' blaze of triumph' was all pickles  
 To this wegetable shandileer. Tol lol lol, &c.

Ragged Jack, wot chalks ' Starvation !'  
 Look'd quite fat and swellish there—  
 While Dick, wot ' dumbs it' round the nation,  
 Had all the jaw among the fair.  
 Limping Ned, wot brought his duchess,  
 At home had left his wooden pegs—  
 And Jim, wot cadges it on crutches,  
 Vos the nimblest covey on his legs.  
 Tol lol lol, &c.

The next arrival was old Joe Burn,  
 Wot does the fits to Natur chuff—  
 And Fogg, wot's blind each day in Ho'born,  
 Saw'd his way there clear enough  
 Mr, Sinniwating Sparrow,  
 In corduroys span new and nice,  
 Druv up in his pine-apple barrow,  
 Which he used to sell a *win* a slice.  
 Tol lol lol, &c.

The ball was open'd by fat Mary,  
 Togg'd out in book muslin pure,  
 And Saucy Sam, surnamed 'The *Lary*,  
 Who did the '*Minuit-on-a-squire*.'  
 While Spifflicating Charley Coker,  
 And Jane of the Hatchet-face divine,  
 Just did the Rowdydowdy Poker,  
 And out of *Greasy* (Grisi) took the shine  
 Tol lol lol, &c.

The Sillywarious next was done in  
 Tip-top style, just as it should,  
 By Muster and Missus Mudfog, stunning,  
 Whose hair curled like a bunch of wood.  
 The folks grinn'd all about their faces,  
 'Cos Mudfog—prince of flashy bucks—  
 Had on a pair of pillow cases,  
 Transmogrified slap into ducks!  
 Tol lol lol, &c.

The celebrated Pass de Sandwich  
 To join in no one could refuse—  
 Six bushels on 'em came in, and which  
 Wanish'd in about two two's.  
 The Gatter Waltz next followed arter—  
 They lapp'd it down right manful-ly,  
 Until Joe Guffin and his darter,  
 Was in a state of Fourpen-ny!  
 Tol lol lol, &c.

Next came the Pass de Fascination  
 Betwixt Peg Price and Dumby Dick—  
 But Peg had sich a corporation,  
 He dropp'd her like a red hot brick.  
 The company was so enraptur'd,  
 They buckets of va lflowers threw—

But vun chap flung a bunch of turnips,  
Which nearly split Dick's nut in two.

Tol lol lol, &c.

The dose now set-to gallopading,  
And stamp'd with all their might and main—  
They thump'd the floor so precious hard in,  
It split the ancient crib in twain,  
Some pitch'd in the road, bent double—  
Some was smash'd with bricks—done brown—  
So the Cadgers saved 'The Crown' the trouble  
Of sending coves to pull it down!

Tol lol lol, &c.

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